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HISTORY OF **STONEY BOWES,** OTHERWISE

Andrew Robinson Bowes:

Being a minute Memoir of this infamous and notorious Character. His Marriage to Miss Newton, of Burnop-field, Durham, and the Particulars of his Cruel Usage towards her—she dies of a broken Heart—He afterwards marries the Countess of Strathmore. His Letters, and the Countess's Poetry on the Nuptials. Bowes' horrid Character fully developed—his savage Treatment of the Countess—his Profligacy at Gibside—presents a loaded Pistol to her Head—his Seizure, Conspiracy, Seduction, Trial, and Imprisonment.—Bowes a Member of Parliament for Newcastle, and the same Year is High Sheriff for Northumberland. The Countess's Death—Bowes rallies, but on Jan. 16, 1810, Death closes his Career of Infamy and Disgrace.



PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. & T. FORDYCE,
15, GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE.

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HISTORY OF Andrew Robinson Bowes, &c.

MR. A. R. BOWES was a native of Ireland—he was born in 1745, and in 1763 was a lieutenant in the 30th regiment. Previous to this, and while only an ensign, he had the address, when his regiment was quartered at Newcastle upon Tyne, to marry Miss Newton, an heiress with a fortune of £30,000. She was the only child of William Newton, Esq. of Burnopfield, in the county of Durham. Shortly after his marriage, his regiment was disbanded, and he ever after received the allowance of half pay.

The person of Bowes was rather in his favour, and his address was, probably, when young, captivating. His speech was soft, his height more than five feet ten, his eyes were bright and small, he had a perfect command over them, his eyebrows were low, large, and sandy, his hair light, and his complexion muddy; his smile was agreeable, his wit ready, but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, which forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow, his education was bare, and his utterance was in a low tone and lisping. There was something uncommon in the connexion of his nose with his upper lip; he never could talk without the nose, which was long and curved downwards, being also moved ridiculously with the upper lip.

Bowes, after the year 1763, resided at Cold-Pig Hill, the seat of Miss Newton's ancestors. This connexion brought him acquainted with families in the vicinity. He naturally would frequent assemblies and public meetings; and if what every body says must be true, he in a violent fit of rage, tumbled his wife down a whole flight of stairs, at one of those meetings. She bore the character of being a very good woman, which in all probability increased her sensibility, upon feeling her melancholy lot from the choice she had made. She soon took her departure to another and better world.

It was the general opinion that Bowes' treatment of his wife shortened her days. A lady writes thus on the subject : ' Mr. Bowes, then Mr. S. came to Newcastle with a marching regiment. He was ensign. I have seen him with his gorget on. He married Miss Newton, of Burnopfield, a lady I was acquainted with, and visited. She was not at all handsome ; short, and very dark ; but she had thirty thousand pounds, which, 40 years ago, was reckoned a great fortune. Lady Bewick, and the late Mrs. Shafto, of Benwell, were believed to have forwarded the match. He made a very bad husband, and she was a most wretched wife, and brought no children alive into the world ; which he much desired for his own sake. He made the bell of St. Nicholas toll for one that was dead born : but failed in proving it to be born with life. If he could have proved it, I understand that the law gives a life-estate in the wife's property. He many times advertised the wood on the estates of Cold-Pig Hill, &c. to be sold, but the next weekly newspaper always produced a forbiddance from our friend Mr. Smith, Edward Jackson's father, and another person whose name I have forgot, who laid claim to the estate as next heirs. He behaved like a brute and a savage to his wife, and in a short time broke her heart. He knew secret ways of provoking her before company ; and then if she looked displeased, or said any thing tart, he appealed to the company—He took pains to please her, but could not.

' I will put another strange anecdote of Bowes in the inside : - Bowes, upon some occasion, locked his wife in a closet, that would barely contain her, for three days, in her chamber, (some say without it) and fed her with an egg a day. I have done a violence to my feelings, and wish what I have said may be of any use. Mrs. D. can tell a great deal more than me. Write without delay. Her name was Hannah Newton.'

Bowes remained a widower until the event took place between him and the Countess of Strathmore. The Countess of Strathmore was a learned lady, and the house in Grosvenor-Square might, during the nine

months of her widowhood, be fairly denominated a Temple of Folly.

The mind of the Countess, by being bred up so much to flattery, being always seen like a devotee at the shrine of admiration, was never left at liberty to be attentive to her most favoured studies, and by her having had an husband who took no delight in them, she became a prey to that which, well directed, might have saved her, and done honour to her and her family. Her talent was not in fault so much as the application of it.

The Countess of Strathmore had learning, knew a great many languages, and the study which was the most valuable to her, as a lady of fortune, and to society, independent of the more immediate and domestic accomplishments, was her great knowledge of botany. The Countess was the most intelligent female botanist of the age, and amongst all her eccentricities of character which are to be seen in her Confessions, and which tend to degrade her, yet as she has there said nothing in her own praise, being compelled by Bowes to destroy her own fame, and to commit suicide upon her own character, it may be stated, that at this time she was finding creditable amusements during the day, by building extensive hot houses and conservatories at Upper Chelsea. She had purchased a fine old mansion with an extent of ground, well walled in, and there she had brought exotics from the Cape, and was in a way of raising continually an increase to her collection, when, by her fatal marriage, the cruel spoiler came, and threw them like loathsome weeds away.

It ought to be stated in commiseration to the Countess's infirmities, that the late Earl of Strathmore was not exactly calculated to make happy even a learned woman. His lordship's pursuits were always innocent and without the smallest guile, but they were not those of science or any other splendid quality. A sincere friend, a hearty Scotchman, and a good bottle companion, were parts of his character. He would rather suffer himself than sour the Countess by imposing any restraints upon

her; hence were seen all the learned domestics which haunted his house even in his life-time.

Before Bowes obtained the Countess, he first of all stormed the street-door and anti-chamber. There were with her characters for the promotion of this which she never engaged in such an undertaking. None of the relations and friends of the late Earl were acceptable in Grosvenor-Square, during the nine months of widowhood. Her Lord wrote her a letter from Lisbon when all hopes of recovery were past, composed of admonition and forgiveness; but the letter and account of his death were received with a cold and unfeeling indifference. It was soon understood that she had received the addresses of Mr. Gray, a gentleman from India, whose visits were constant, and their airings open; and solemn promises had been made in solemn places, as a ratification of their intended union.

When the Countess was abused and villified, attacked and defended, in the morning prints, the late Lord's friends kept aloof, thinking that the abuse was useful to prevent the union of Gray with the Countess. Had they interfered, Bowes never might have been ultimately married to the Countess; for all these contrivances sprung from his active, mischievous, and too successful brain. Bowes commenced his attack with the most consummate art. Knowing how much the Countess hated all the friends of her late Lord, in order to stimulate her to a second lover, if ever she should determine to withdraw herself from Gray, and which was his object, got a letter of more than eight pages written, and sent it down to Durham, that it might be delivered with the Durham post-mark upon it. This letter was directed to the Countess in Grosvenor-Square, and was to be supposed to be a copy of another letter sent to Bowes, telling him how an insulted, abused, and deceived lady, to whom Bowes was paying his addresses, and pledged, had sent to her ladyship this letter from mortification.

Another letter informed the Countess how Bowes had sacrificed her to the Countess, and abused her in the most severe terms. But the strongest, deepest, and

perhaps most perfect plot that ever was designed, was, that in this letter, towards the latter end of it, the name of Gray was introduced, intimating, that the lady who wrote this letter had at length found some consolation, that her ladyship must be eventually married to Mr. Gray, and that she then should once more be happy.— This was the very movement which eventually defeated Mr. Gray. It gave the first imagination of her intention to dispossess him of her favours. That of his supposed connexion with the late Lord Strathmore's family, the artful letter pressing that thought upon the Countess's prejudiced mind, made her finally determine against Gray; and taking into the account his age, his want of spirit, and his langour, he soon became forbidden; she ceased to entertain him farther, and finally discarded him.

Besides the masked batteries which Bowes had erected, by the Strathmore family, rejoicing at Gray's downfall, and by this cheating artifice practised upon the Countess through this copy of a letter, Bowes, never at rest till certain of success, was making his way into the house free and easy, not like Gray, but better. Every step he trod was an advanced piece of ground, which could not be contended against by any future rival.

The family now in the Square consisted of the Countess, Mrs. Parish, the governess of the children, Miss Eliza Planta, sister to the governess, and confidant to the Countess, secretly in the interest of Bowes, the Rev. Mr. Stephens, just about to be married to Miss Eliza Planta, also in the interest of Bowes; the chief visitors of the family were Mr. Magra, a botanist, and friend of Dr. Solander, and Mr. Matra, a consul at Barbary. These, besides accidental visitors, were the Dramatis Personæ, at the Temple of Folly, in Grosvenor-Square.

Bowes had procured the good wishes of Miss Eliza Planta, and of the Reverend Chaplain, and of all other domestics which might be necessary to his final success. Another stratagem he brought to his aid. Knowing that the Countess entertained romantic and visionary notions of things, he had a conjuror tutored to his

wishes, and got Miss P. to make a party, with the Countess and some others, to have their fortunes told. Bowes having thus far advanced in uninterrupted success, made up a match between the chaplain and Miss Planta but a few days before his own with the Countess; a corroborating proof, that no man can make advances so certain and successful as he who solicits his good fortune, by conferring good fortune upon others, and by assuming, in all ways, the acts of a generous gallant.

The Countess of Strathmore is thus described by an eye-witness, who saw her the morning after the rencontre between Bowes and the editor of the Morning Print, when she entered the apartment of the former at the St. James's coffee-house. The Countess at this time was scarcely thirty years of age; she possessed a very pleasing en-bon-point; her breast was uncommonly fine; her stature was rather under the middle class; her hair brown; her eyes light, small, and she was near sighted; her face was round; her neck and shoulders graceful; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever she was agitated, was moved very uncommonly, as if convulsively, from side to side; her fingers were small, and her hands were exceedingly delicate. She appeared in very fine health; her complexion was particularly clear: her dress displayed her person, it was elegant and loose; she gloved with all the warmth of a gay widow, about to be married—and she prompted all around to be certain that she was conscious of having obtained, with all this difficulty, that which, without this eclat, she never might have been thus blessed; she seemed, poor silly soul! as if she blessed the duel, and blessed every body about it, for the sake of the precious prize the contest brought her. She blessed even the sword that was used by Bowes in the duel, took it home with her, and slept with it constantly at the head of her bed all the while she was in Grosvenor-Square.

The continued provocations which appeared, particularly in one morning print, and which was then read by the town more than any other, seemed at the approach of the time of the duel more aggravating both in the at-

tacks and defences of the Countess's conduct.—The rencontre alluded to took place in consequence of a letter addressed by Bowes to the Rev. Mr. B——, the editor of the Morning Print. The Countess had been provoked to declare to Miss P——, that the man who would call upon the editor, and revenge her cause upon him, should have both her hand and heart. Bowes therefore mustered up his courage and challenged the obnoxious gentleman. Mr. Hull was sitting in the Adelphi tavern, when he heard the report of two pistols, and presently after the noise as of two persons fencing; he immediately ran up stairs, and with the assistance of the waiters, burst open the door, and parted the combatants, who were fighting in the dark, the candles having been knocked down. Dr. Scott and Mr. Foote the surgeon were called in. Mr. Bowes had two wounds in the right breast, and a slight one in his right arm. He appeared much agitated, and fainted twice. Mr. B—— was also wounded on the right thigh, which excited considerable pain from the anatomical nature of the part; but he gallantly refused to be dressed till Bowes' wounds were examined.

On the 17th of January, four days after the duel, Bowes and the Countess were married at St. James's church, by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, to whom he gave £50, and in a few days afterwards he took possession of the house and all the moveables in Grosvenor-Square. Here, then, were joined in holy wedlock, two such as for the honour of nature are seldom to be found. The one had broken the heart of a former wife, the other had not lengthened the days of a former husband; in a battle-royal of a main of cocks, the two surviving ones contend for existence, and thus are these two pitted as by positive destination.

Soon after the marriage, Bowes addressed a good letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, then residing at Paul's Welden. But Mrs. Bowes did not long survive the shock of this marriage and her daughter's conduct. The morning after Bowes' marriage, he had quite a levee; not being well enough to be moved, or not now

earing much about it, he was seen dressed in a suit of regiments; his vanity reminding him, that fourteen years ago, he was the youngest lieutenant upon half-pay of a disbanded regiment. Two general officers in their full regimental dress paid him and the Countess the nuptial visit; these were his near relations—General Robinson, of Marlborough-Street, and General Armstrong, of Berneis-Street.

The cards were in heaps that were left by visitors in coaches, on horseback, and on foot. All was bustle—and there would have been something light and airy, something of felicity in this knight-errand frolic of fortune, something which on a superficial mind would strike the attention, as a prosperous and dexterous piece of romance; but the foundation was not sound—the cause was not good, nor prospect bright. Bowes opened the scene at Grosvenor-Square, where he gave a few grand dinners to those who would attend them; and then, after the house had undergone the change naturally to be expected from folly to tyranny, all his friends who had served his purpose, were set adrift. Mr. Gray commenced an action against the Countess, but it was compromised by £12,000.

Bowes next took a house at Hammersmith, but at the expiration of three months, they made a journey to their possessions in the north, in company with his physician, Dr. Scott. On the Countess's arrival at Gibside, her ancient domain, Bowes looked out for a chaplain, in the choice of whom he appeared scrupulously nice.

It was now that Bowes began to show himself, as to the application of the immense property which had, by his marriage, fallen to him. Gibside is remarkable for rich and extensive plantations of valuable woods; and whether Bowes had the power by law of cutting down timber or not, here, within ten months of his marriage, he felled a great quantity of the 'best timber in England,' as he called it; but as his neighbours refused to become purchasers, it lay upon his hands. He parted with every thing he could in town, sold the house, the

hot-house, and conservatories at Chelsea, and took the family plate into his own possession. He raised £30,000 upon annuities. He insured the life of the Countess only for a year or two at most, and afterwards dropped them, by which he squandered away vast sums.

He had been fortunate in having served the office of sheriff, just in time to be chosen in 1780, a member for Newcastle; and it is beyond all question, that he meditated standing for the county, at a future time, and had got some interest on his side. During his canvass for Newcastle, he entertained the heads of that town at Gibside; he kept an open house; his dinners were good, and his table enriched by massive plate; but there was always a smack of mean splendour about him, as he did not purchase one single new carriage, and his coach-horses, originally of high value, were never seen in good condition. He took a chaplain into his house, and had always somebody about him whom he made a butt of.

From the year 1778 to 1783 he was scarcely ever resident in London; for although he was now a member of parliament, he did not hasten to town. The fact was, that, as he confessed, he meant to make something of his parliamentary seat; that he aimed at an Irish peerage, and finding the administration recoiled at it, he grew sulky and abusive. After having given a few parliamentary dinners to some of the members and his acquaintances, he gave up his house in Grosvenor-Square, and took up his residence in hotels. He had made the purchase of Benwell estate, near Newcastle, from the family of Shafto; but this could not have distressed him much, as he mortgaged it deeply.

He was tremblingly alive for the fate of the Countess, and watched all her movements like an Argus. She was delivered of a son, and his anxiety for a time suspended. When he remained at Gibside, he avoided his London creditors; but the time was now approaching, that the creditors' bills at the election would naturally drive him from Gibside to London or Paul's Walden. He came up in April, 1783, and there commences his delinquency with his chief agent in the election. He brought in

his company, from the north, Mr. and Mrs. H—, a worthy and respectable couple. It was probably their compassion for the fallen Countess which induced them to forego their own comfort for hers. These two, with the young child, and a nurse of Bowes' choosing, not the Countess's, formed the society of Bowes and the Countess at Paul's Walden. Till he could find a house in town, he made London his visits, and Paul's Walden his home. The chaplain, Mr. M—, was gone; and another, Mr. P— S— left him in consequence of his debauchery, after remaining with him about six months.—Foote met Bowes in London, purchasing trinkets to the amount of forty guineas. Mr. Foote agreed to accompany him to the north, where he was living in great profusion, giving entertainments to the neighbours much beyond the necessary style. Amongst other visitors, there was a most beautiful young woman, one of his master's daughters, and for whom these trinkets were intended. Her mother and sister came after dinner, and they all drank tea with the Countess. At night he went to the farm-house, as he frequently did, to watch their going to bed. On this occasion the dog was loose, seized upon Bowes, and severely bit his leg.

The Countess, at this time, says Mr. Foote, appeared wonderfully altered and dejected. She was pale and nervous, and her under jaw constantly moved from side to side. If she said any thing, she looked at him first. If she was asked to drink a glass of wine, she took his intelligence before she answered. She sat but a short time at dinner, and then was out of my sight, I did get one morning's walk with her and Mr. Harrison into the once beautiful pleasure-garden, where, in spite of the ruinous state of it, much was left for admiration; because the taste which gave it a creation was not as yet totally obliterated. The Countess pointed out to us the concern she had formerly taken in the shrubs, the flower-beds, the lawns, the alcoves, and the walks of this most delectable recess. She even pointed out the assistance her own hand had lent to individual articles. In observing her during her conversation, the agitation

of her mind was apparent by its action on her mouth. She would look for some time, hesitate, and then her under jaw would act in that convulsive manner, which absolutely explained her state of melancholy remembrance beyond all other proofs abstracted knowledge could confirm, or technical teachers could demonstrate.

Indifferent now about his ambitious concerns, certain that he should never be returned again for Newcastle, Bowes began to study how to get into his possession the two eldest daughters of Lord Strathmore. All of a sudden he appeared to be so tender, and so alarmed about the Countess's health, and the sufferings of her peace of mind, that he actually succeeded in obtaining possession of one of the daughters, and the other had a very narrow escape. The Countess in this transaction was completely under the dominion of Bowes, though she never evinced much care respecting her children. The Countess wrote to the guardians, requesting that the two young ladies, Maria Jane and Anna Maria, might spend the following day with her previous to her journey to Bath. This request was complied with, May 22, 1784, but judge of the surprise created by the receipt of the following letter from Lady Mary Eleanor Bowes Strathmore, dictated, doubtless, by Bowes :—

LADIES,

Grosvenor Square, May 22, 1784.

I take this method to acquaint you, that in compliance with Lady Anna Maria's affectionate and dutifnl request of spending the ensuing hollidays with me. I have gratified our mutual wishes, by taking her into my possession, as the only means to make myself some recompence for what I have endured for several years from Mr. L——n's constantly refusing me the company of my children in such manner as humanity and propriety seem to demand.

I should not have taken this step before the appointed day of breaking up, had I not concluded, that if I waited till then I should be prevented, as I have hitherto frequently been, by your adhering to Mr. L——'s orders; which, however, I doubt not, were highly repugnant to your own wishes, and very disconsonant to those sentiments of duty towards a parent, which I am convinced you would otherwise have been anxious to instil into the minds of your pupils, and my daughters.

I am, Ladies, your most obedient humble servant,
M. E. BOWES STRATHMORE.

It ought to be observed, that both the ladies were under the protection of the guardians, by an order of the Court of Chancery. But this was but half of the deep-laid plot. Lady Maria Jane, the eldest, having left school, resided with her aunt, Lady A—— S——, of Harley Street; and the Countess sent Lady A——

S— also a written request, that Lady Maria Jane should pay her a visit previous to her intended journey to Bath. Lady Maria Jane accordingly went on the 22d of May, also accompanied, at the request of Lady Maria, by Mrs. O—, when they were shewn into a drawing-room, and received by Mrs. Reynett, and in a few minutes the Countess came in; and Lady Maria having told Mrs O—, as they went up Grosvenor Square, that she saw her sister, Lady Anna Maria, at a window up stairs, Mrs. O— asked the Countess if Lady Anna Maria was there, when the Countess acknowledged that she was.

In about a quarter of an hour the Countess desired Lady Maria Jane to walk into the next room with her, that she might shew her a letter which she had received from her son, Lord Strathmore: the Countess went out accordingly, followed by Lady Maria Jane; Mrs O— was left behind, with Mrs. Reynett and a gentleman in the room. Mrs. O— thinking that she had waited long enough, and growing rather uneasy at her not returning, rang the bell, and desired the servant to tell Lady Maria Jane that she was going, and that she was to come to her. The servant returned, and said that she was coming presently. Mrs. O— waited a short time, and then rung again, and sent the same message by the servant, but received no answer to her request. Mrs. O— then solicited Mrs. Reynett to tell Lady Maria that she waited for her. Mrs. Reynett accordingly went out, and returned and said to Mrs. O—, that she dared not go into the room; upon which Mrs O— requested her to shew her the room, and she would go in herself. Mrs. Reynett then shewed Mrs. O— to the Countess's dressing-room, which opened up the back stairs. Mrs. O— endeavoured to open the door, but found it fastened. She then returned into the drawing-room, very much agitated; and soon after, a servant entered, and brought her a letter from the Countess. It was written in the same stile as the former one.

Mrs. O— having read the letter, immediately

called for her own servant, and directed him to carry it to his master, wherever he was, and to tell him that she wished him to come to her immediately. Mrs. O—— then returned to the door of the Countess's dressing-room, which she found was open; but upon her endeavouring to go in, it was shut against her by some person on the inside; and Mrs. O—— hearing Lady Maria scream, she immediately cried out to her, as loud as she was able—" Maria, I will not quit the house till you come to me."

From that moment Mrs. O—— determined not to lose sight of that door; and accordingly desired Mrs. Reynett to procure her a chair, and she would sit down by that door on the back stairs. She did so, and sat herself down on the steps of the stairs. Mrs. O—— soon after walked to the great stairs, and Lady Maria came to her, led by a gentleman, without whose interference she would have been a victim. Lady Maria and Mrs. O—— poured their thanks upon him, and hastened immediately down the stairs, and out of the house; congratulating herself that she was out of a detestable house, into which she would never enter again; and finding that her chariot was gone, they went immediately to the house of a lady in Lower Grosvenor-street. Lady Maria informed Mrs. O——, that during the time she was so detained from Mrs. O——, Bowes and the Countess, in the most earnest manner possible, endeavoured to persuade her to withdraw herself from the care of her guardians, and to reside with them. Lady Maria Jane was then sixteen years of age.

Application was made to the chancellor by the guardians on the 26th, praying to have the person of Lady Anna Maria delivered over to them. But it was too late; as Bowes, who had every thing ready for his journey, on the same day he got the two ladies into his power, absolutely set out that evening, not to Bath, but to Paris, and carried Lady Anna Maria away with him.

In the beginning of November, 1784, the Court of Chancery proceeded on this subject, and on the 7th of February, 1785, within three little months, the Coun-

tess of Strathmore exhibited articles of the peace in the Court of King's Bench, against her husband, Andrew Robinson Bowes, for ill treatment of her person. The Countess desired to have one of the tipstaffs for her protection to her residence, which was granted.

At the time when the Countess surrendered her liberty to Bowes, she had among other high endowments, brought her mind to a taste for poetical composition. She had composed and printed a dramatic performance, of five acts, called the **SIEGE OF JERUSALEM**; and in the voluptuous trance which was raised in her mind by the duel, she spouted the following verses:—

ON THE NUPTIALS.

“ Unmov'd, Maria saw the splendid suite
Of rival captives sighing at her feet,
‘Till in her cause, his sword young S—n—y drew,
And to revenge the gallant wooer flew!
Bravest among the brave!—and first to prove,
By death! or conquest! who best knew to love!
But pale, and faint, the wounded lover lies,
While more than pity fills Maria's eyes!
In her soft breast! where passion long had strove.
Resistless sorrow fix'd the reign of love!
‘Dear youth,’ she cries, ‘we meet no more to part!
Then take thy honour's due—my bleeding heart!’”

M.

Before the Countess appeared in the Court of King's Bench. Bowes dined at Capt. Armstrong's, in Percy-street, which gave the Countess the opportunity to elope, by the assistance of Mrs. Morgan—and just as they came opposite to Berner's Street, Mrs. Morgan saw Bowes in a hackney coach also driving very fast, with his head out, and without his hat. Providentially he saw them not; but the escape was so narrow, that the Countess, in her low estate of health, from the representation upon her mind of the misery which threatened her, if she should be retaken, fell into hysterics, and was with difficulty persuaded that she was safe, and out of his power. At the time the Countess escaped, she had not a shilling at her command; no other dress than what she had on; her jewels even were forgotten.

Bowes had been fetched as soon after their escape as possible. His carriage as brought; but when the servant announced to him what had happened, he ran into

Oxford-street, without saying one word, left his hat and carriage behind him, took a hackney-coach, and drove home -- The Countess was conducted by Mrs. Morgan to Mr. Shutter's, the barrister, in Cursitor-street; and an apartment was taken for her in Dyer's Buildings, where she remained, and where Bowes at length discovered her, but not till she was under the protection of the court. Her bail, I think, was the Duke of Norfolk, and that respectable lawyer, John Lee. Bowes soon resolved upon taking lodgings in the same street, to be there now and then, and to keep watch upon her. He took every step he possibly could, without infringing the law, to get the Countess again into his possession.

The Countess, after her elopement, until she had obtained this decisive success to her future hope, by the trial in the Court of King's Bench, was left in a very disconsolate state; there were none to help her in the time of need, and she was reduced very low; but so soon as this cause succeeded, friends poured in; and new council and new attorneys rushed forward upon the opening of this door of Paradise. She was removed to Hart-street, from thence to Bloomsbury-square, had a coach at her command, and a man of the name of Lucas, a constable of high respectability, to attend and protect her every where.

The chief object which engaged the restless and unsatisfied mind of Bowes, was to plan some project by which he could again obtain possession of the Countess. The first step towards it was to undermine Lucas, who was always in attendance upon her. He found out where his wife and family lived: he gratified all their immediate wants: he made himself out an injured man: he produced his credentials, the Confessions: and he, by time and close attention, soon got the wife and her visitors on his side. "Sure he is a charming man, and 'twas a shame he should be so used; he is as mild and as meek as a lamb, and as good and generous as a prince. One of my children was ill—he saw it every day—nursed it—and gave it the medicines himself."—

By his constancy in persevering, with all the warmth of sincerity, he succeeded in gaining Lucas over to his purpose. Lucas, on Friday, the 10th of November, enquired of the coachman, as his custom was, if his lady went out that day? and was answered in the affirmative, and received orders to attend between one and two in the afternoon. About that time her ladyship had business at Mr. Forster's, in Oxford-street; and, for company, took Mr. Farrer, brother to her solicitor, and her Maid, Mrs. Morgan, in the coach with her: In their way they met with no interruption; but they had scarce been five minutes in the house of Mr. Forster before some of those persons came into the shop, who were well known to her ladyship. Being much alarmed at their appearance, she withdrew to an inner room, and locked the door, requesting Mr. Forster, at the same time, to go privately and procure assistance, to be in readiness for her protection, in case any violence should be offered to her person.

Mr. Forster had scarce left the house, when the constable whose business it was to watch the motions of his lady, went up and tapped at her room-door, and by telling her his name, obtained immediate admittance. Interrogating him as to his business, she was ready to sink when she was told, that her ladyship was his prisoner; that a warrant had just been put into his hands; that he must do his duty; but that it was rather fortunate for her ladyship, as he would take her before Lord Mansfield, at Caenwood, who, no doubt, would frustrate all the wicked purposes of her enemies, and take her under his own immediate protection. With this artful tale, in the then state of her mind, she was easily prevailed on to step again into her coach, as Mr. Farrer was permitted to accompany her. The moment she was seated, her servants were all discharged, by a pretended order from her ladyship, a confederate coachman mounted the box, and a new set of attendants, all armed, surrounded the coach. In this manner they proceeded, without noise or interruption, till they reach-

of Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which stood Mr. Bowes, who, addressing himself to Mr. Farrer, very civilly requested to change places with him, and then seated himself at the right hand of his lady, who was no longer in doubt as to his design. The coachman was now ordered to proceed, and to quicken his pace.— Mr. Farrer, being now at liberty, made all possible haste to London, and application was made immediately to the Court of King's Bench, in order to effect a rescue. On Monday, the 13th, two of Lord Mansfield's tipstaffs set off for that purpose to the north. In the mean time Mr. Bowes continued his journey without interruption, though the windows of the coach were broken. As they drove on, Bowes endeavoured to persuade the Countess to sign a paper to stop proceedings against him in the ecclesiastical court ; and though he bruitishly beat her, and presented a loaded pistol to her head, she firmly refused.

Being arrived at Streatlam Castle, he endeavoured to persuade her to take upon her the government of the family, and enquired if she was not yet reconciled to a domestic life ? being answered with asperity, he flew into a more violent passion than she had ever seen him, and pulling out a pistol, bid her say her last prayers— she said her prayers, and bid him fire : The whole county was now alarmed for the Countess, and he for his own safety. He knew his pursuers were at hand, and he effected his escape during night. He set the Countess on horseback behind him, without a pillion, and took her over dismal heaths and trackless wilds covered with snow, till they came to Darlington, to the house of Mr. B—, the attorney, where she was shut up in a dark room, and where she was threatened (a red hot poker being held to her breast) with a mad doctor and strait waistcoat ; but all in vain. The hour of deliverance drew near. Here they had been traced, and here it was no longer safe for Bowes to continue ; he therefore set out with her before day, in the same manner that he brought her, taking her over hedges and ploughed fields, till, being seen by the husbandmen at

work, he was so closely hemmed in, that an old countryman taking hold of his horse's bridle, and Bowes presenting his pistol to frighten him, he was knocked down by a constable that was in pursuit of him, and felled to the ground with a large hedge stake. The Countess now made the best of her way to London, attended only by her deliverers, where she arrived safe.

The Countess appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and exhibited articles of the peace against Bowes ; and on Friday the 27th May, 1787, Andrew Robinson Bowes, Edward Lucas, Francis Peacock, Mark Prevost, John Cummins, otherwise Charles Chapman, William Pigg, and three other persons were found guilty : Bowes was sentenced to pay a fine of £300, to be imprisoned in the King's Bench prison three years, after which to find security himself in £10,000, and two sureties of £5,000 each. The others were imprisoned for different periods, and subject to various fines. The conspirators being thus disposed of, Bowes becoming habituated to the situation, and all those incumbrances upon his mind being cleared away, after his usual manner, in their turns, he discarded every one of those conspirators as soon as he had done with them, and he left them to their fates.

Bowes' family in the King's Bench, at first consisted of himself, Mr. and Mrs. Peacock and daughter, and Master Bowes, his son by the Countess. Besides other requisite servants, he had brought one of the name of Mary, who waited on the Countess during the time Bowes took her into the north—her he seduced, sent her away to lie in, and then abandoned her and the child. The Countess, previous to her marriage to Bowes, executed a deed by which the rents and produce of her estates were placed at her own disposal, reserving to herself a power to revoke this deed ; and in less than four months after her marriage, Bowes managed, on the 1st May, 1777, to have this obnoxious settlement annulled. In 1785 the Countess instituted a suit against Bowes, charging him with various acts of cruelty, and of extorting, by violence and compulsion, the

instrument of revocation. The court, after various litigations, decided against Bowes. He was charged with the sums he had unjustly received from these estates, and were entered on the marshal's books. The sentence of separation and divorce was now issued from Doctors' Commons, and he was stunned with the thunder of excommunication. By this time Peacock and Bowes were at drawn daggers. The unfortunate and credulous Peacock had been a most respectable coal-merchant at Newcastle. He became acquainted with Bowes at his election ; he was easy of persuasion, and vain of Bowes' confidence. Besides his punishment by imprisonment and fine, having joined Bowes in acceptances, he was left in the lurch by Bowes, and remained in prison for years afterwards.

" On the 13th July, 1787, Bowes desired me," says Mr. Foote, to visit a young girl, the daughter of a prisoner at the lodgings of her mother in Lant Street. I found her a girl of perfect symmetry, fair, lively, and innocent. She was feeding a pigeon with split peas out of her mouth. Her father in the prison had been a man of considerable landed property. Bowes having seen this girl pass through the prison to her father's apartments, whose charms of attraction, when they caught his eye, served but insiduously to betray her to him—he addressed her going and coming, made her presents, flattered, and obtained her. This young lady, whom I shall call Miss Polly S—, has had five children by him, which proved to be ties of such strong affection as to soften all the hardships and severities she has so long endured ; for she has been literally a prisoner in his house from the year 1787 to the day of his death. He hired a room for her in the same staircase, where she was excluded from the sight of every body, not being seen even at his dinners, nor morning, noon, nor night."

On the 20th of April, 1800, the Countess departed this life ; Bowes removed out of the prison, and took a house in the London Road. He took Miss S. and the children with him. The law-suits were taking their course. He began to embrace the liberty of reviving

those sentiments of seduction, which had been, from want of convenience, laid dormant during his close confinement.

Bowes now had an accession to his property in Ireland, a freehold of the value of £300 per annum. From this, and from the remnant of plate, of which there was yet a huge mass, and from his half-pay, he might have drawn a decent subsistence. His Benwell estate was in the hands of receivers, for the mortgagee, therefore he could take nothing from that, though if it were sold it would fetch three times the sum for which it was mortgaged.

One of Bowes' sisters came from Ireland with her daughter. Bowes now was pleased to be very ill indeed. He was dropsical, he had shortness of breath, loss of appetite, he vomited blood, his languor was excessive, and his nerves were easily affected. Being so ill he made a will in favour of his relations, and his dear sister, and only requested, in return, a certain sum in hand, and one thousand a year, during his short stay in this world. But his brother wisely declined taking advantage of a dying man, and Bowes, finding his scheme had failed, instantly recovered, revoked his will, and did not leave one single shilling to his own relations. During this affecting case, he had procured fresh calves' blood, and, by stealth, gargled with it, and spit it into the basin, so as to deceive his medical attendant.

As to his amusements, and his habits of life, they became baser as he grew older, and they were the more demonstrable, as he not only drank out his wine, selfishly, but also took to spirituous liquor. He kept no servant, and would buy neither brushes nor brooms; the two daughters went down upon their knees and gathered up the dust with their hands. He scarcely ever saw or spoke to Miss S— for nearly the last eight years, and allowed her but one meal a-day. She did get a little supply from her mother and the farmers, who had been her father's tenants. She had the strongest of all possible causes to remain with him; the children were dear to her, and she to her children.

Bowes had some time previous applied to the Court of Chancery and the House of Lords, for surplus rents, &c. The decision of the latter was in his favour, but in June, 1807, the deed of revocation was brought before Sir James Mansfield, and a verdict was found in favour of the Earl of Strathmore, and here Bowes' contentions were about closed.

His appetite now began to fail, and his walk was confined to a tavern within four doors, where he used to read a newspaper. As to his instruction, or amusement from books, he had not one in his house besides the Confessions

In January, 1810, Bowes became seriously ill, and his medical friend perceived that his disorder was something more than deception. But as Miss S— had not been mentioned in his will, this gentleman, after much persuasion, prevailed on Bowes to grant her one hundred per annuin. "As I was going away," says he, "he would be led into the passage to be certain that I was out of the house; and Miss S— told me that a few days before, he crawled upon his knees and hands up stairs, to see if he could discover any body harboured there, so powerful, even at this time, was his passion of suspicion."

Bowes survived this transaction not more than six days. He died on the 16th of January, 1810, and was buried on the 23d, in the vault in St. George's church, in the Borough. No other legacies were in his will than those to his children by Miss S—. His son by the Countess was to have been his heir.

And here closes the mortal scene of Andrew Robinson Bowes; whose ruin was finally precipitated from want of moral principle and personal courage. If he had happened to have been a man of courage, as well as infamy, he would with his talents have maintained that which infamy alone had put into his possession; and he would have mounted, instead of sunk, as he basely did in the close of his life: but his mind was treacherous and inconstant even to itself. He was a villain even to the back-bone!

Bowes was incapable of making friends, for he did not wish to know any thing of the quality of friendship. The friend with whom he formerly corresponded had long given him over, and detached himself from him, after suffering in fame and in fortune. On his last trial in the Court of Common Pleas, Bowes not being able to attend about it, and to bustle himself in it, seduced from the west of England the husband of his own daughter. He travelled for him into the north for evidence, and all at his own expence. He was taught to believe that a very large legacy at least was intended ; or if otherwise, that his wife would be Bowes' heiress. The hopes of this gentleman were also disappointed. Under the cloak of friendship, Bowes made instruments of mankind as he called for them, and in his arts of seduction he refined above all others.

All those who served him the most essentially, and gratified him the longest, he treated with the most severity. They were left at length to feel disgrace from their own mortifying reflections. The very yearnings of nature were struck dumb with astonishment at him. Open resentment was suppressed by shameful remorse, and the injured withheld their vengeance, and slunk away from him, silent, degraded, and astounded. He clothed all his villainies in the dress of virtue ; and it is something to be told, that he could not otherwise succeed in his designs.

On the death of Sir Walter Blackett, on the 11th February, 1777, a seat in parliament for the representation of Newcastle became vacant ; this Bowes unsuccessfully contested with Sir John Trevelyan. In the election of September, 1784, however, he was more fortunate. The representation was contested by Sir W. M. Ridley, A. R. Bowes, and Mr. Delaval, when the two former were elected. This same year Bowes served the office of high sheriff for Northumberland.—Andrew Robinson Stoney assumed the name of Bowes on his marriage with the Countess.

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